

Reasons Why: Points of View

by Shadsie

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Summary: A set of deep reflections and inner thoughts of some of the characters. A set of mini stories revealing why they do the things they do.

Reasons Why: Points of View

NOTES: This is a story that I wrote fairly recently. It is my first full-length X-Files fanfic, a set of vignettes of some of the characters, really. I've written several "Pokemon" stories and Pokemon/X-Files Crossovers before writing this, but this is my first "straight X-Files" fic besides a little Things the Characters Would Never Say little list that I did once, so it is my really first serious Files-fic.

My famous (or infamous, depending upon how you see it) "Chu-Files" Poke/X-Files hybrid Series can be found at my website, "Shadowcat's Suite" <http://members.dencity.com/caferocket/scsuite.html>

I am uploading this before most of my previous fanfictions because I am using Fanfiction.net on a trial basis. My stuff used to be at The Fanfiction Network (where I started my fanfiction writing career) which was shut down. I had some problems uploading my very first fanfic in the Crossovers section, "The P-Files" (predecessor to The "Chu-Files"). If I have problems with this story, "Reasons Why" I will probably just forget trying this Network and just have my fics at my own little website. Hopefully, this will upload right...

"REASONS WHY"

Faith...

Faith. Such a simple word. Only five letters long, yet so profound. There was a time when I thought I knew what it meant. I still make it home to celebrate the major holidays with my family, but it is a rare event for me to ever attend Mass or make a confession anymore.

I run my fingers delicately along the light gold chain of my necklace. I've often questioned why I still wear it.

I've seen so much of pain in this world, that which people do to other people, and I wonder if there is anything out there at all, if there is any meaning to our existence.

How many times I have stepped into a cold laboratory to examine the marks on the corpse of some innocent young girl found raped and tortured. Many in my profession say that one just gets used to it, but no matter how routine it becomes, I still see things that wipe away all my preconceptions.

I take my job very seriously. The reason that I joined the FBI was to protect the innocent and punish the guilty. "Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for righteousness" "Righteousness" can sometimes be translated as "justice". I've spent my life seeking justice. Justice and Truth.

My partner...he also seeks after those things. I question his methods. He is sincere, but tends to be given to myth rather than scientific fact. A chaser of fantasies, but I guess it is the only way he can cope with his reality.

He asked me once how many times he had been wrong.

He has a faith, a faith much unlike my own. He hungers to believe...in something. He wonders about the faith that I hold, how I can believe the way that I do, as much as I question his.

I was originally assigned to help certain authorities within the Bureau discredit his work. That is not what they told us, but we both know that it's true. With him I have seen...things. Things that have caused me to question my firm scientific grounding.

Perhaps that is why I stay with him, instead of requesting a transfer. I stay with him because of the things we have both been through together, because I believe he may be right.

In the end, I find myself left filled with more questions than answers. My partner and I are left searching for the Truth, in our own ways.

Dana Scully

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Save...

"Fox! Help me! Please! You're the only one who can save me! Fox!  
Fox!"

I awake in the middle of the night from another nightmare. I often have dreams such as this.

I can never forget that night. The night that shattered my world of innocence and changed my life forever. We were home alone, as Sam

insisted that we could handle ourselves without a babysitter. One moment we were playing a board game, then the Light. Blinding white light... My memories are vague, but I remember fear. Then she was gone.

The search for my sister was called off long ago. I never stopped. She was my reason for working to become an FBI agent. I strove for justice. To prevent such things from happening to others-to put the human scum who did such things in prison where they could do no more harm.

Many like cases I had worked on. Kidnappings, serial murders...I had been the key to the arrest and conviction of the "Paper Heart Killer".

That was probably my most difficult case.

It always pained me that, even if the murderer was brought to justice, it would never bring the victims back. They were lost to their families forever, like my Samantha.

I never gave up the hope that she might be alive...somewhere.

I began reading things that were sometimes related to cases upon which I worked, things that suggested myths, legends, and the supernatural. I had always been interested in strange things and held a belief that paranormal phenomena could, in fact, be a part of reality, merely not taken seriously by close-minded individuals.

I had memories of the light...that piercing light.

After some years in the FBI, I discovered a backlog of old, unsolved cases-the "X" Files.

Murders never solved. Families left without justice...just because some of the circumstances of the cases were...unusual.

I studied these files, determined to understand. Many did not want me to touch the cases, preferring that they remain in the backlog. They felt threatened by my determination. I felt that, perhaps, some men above me knew some things...and that they had something to hide.

There are many ways in which our government, the governments of the world could profit in knowing about the existence of extraterrestrials without telling The People.

Our military for example. The use of technology from a more-advanced race to build aircraft and weaponry for use in war. People in power could also profit in other ways, darker ways.

I was ridiculed for my interests and my insistence in working on the "X" Files. People called me "Spooky" Mulder. They did not understand why...my sacrifices, the days spent married to my work only to come home and collapse on my living-room couch, those nights that I wouldn't sleep at all-spent in researching a case that was thought a lost cause, a waste.

I felt utterly alone. Until I met her. She doesn't agree with most of my theories or methods most of the time, but she understands me in

ways others never have.

Sometimes I wonder why I just don't give up. The "X" Files have brought me close to death more times than I can count, and I know that many in power seek my destruction because of them.

Then I remember. I never knew what had truly happened to my sister. I still hold out the hope that I may find her. I have not been able to save her yet, but perhaps I still can, somehow, or, at least bring her the justice that she deserves. I want to know the Truth. For Sam.

Fox Mulder

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Stand...

I am caught between. I live a life standing between Truth and Lies and I do not know which I serve.

I was always the "company man", played by the rules, asked no questions, did my duty. I moved up in the ranks of the FBI rather quickly, and I devoted myself to my work.

I tried to have a family once. It didn't work out. My wife claimed that cared more about my work than about her, that I was cold, unfeeling. I never could communicate my emotions well, even as a child. Few people knew what I was really thinking at any given moment and I became adept at hiding my true feelings. Except for, perhaps, my anger, but I learned to control even that well.

I respected authority. When I was made an Assistant Director, I became one. When I began supervising Agents Mulder and Scully, little did I know what I was getting into. I continued answering to the men above me, even when I knew that they were wrong.

Mulder and Scully became friends and I came to see the righteousness of Mulder's cause. But, I had to keep him from what I knew, to keep some of the Truth that he sought hidden.

I was afraid. I knew what those in power could do to me. They could take away my shining career. They could take my life. So I played by the rules.

Then came a time when I made a decision. I was dying, dying from something mysterious. Something that I knew someone had deliberately given me. Mulder and Scully took great pains to save me. As I lay in that hospital bed, my blood thickening and slowing, my body wracked with unimaginable pain, I thought about my life and its purpose.

I had stood for nothing.

I lay there, and I died. Suddenly, I was brought back with a great seizure of pain as my blood thinned and my heart beat once more! I recovered and I made my decision. I would stand between no longer. I would stand up against men I knew to be evil, to fight with Mulder to find the Truth.

Then I found that my life was not my own. That lackey, Krychek, held the power to make me sick again. He held my life in his hands. If I stood with Mulder, I would die. Therefore, I am back where I always was, no longer by choice, standing between.

Walter Skinner

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Shadow...

I look back upon my life and wonder why. Was it all worth it? Is it still worth it? So vigilant I've been in making sure that my work was not destroyed.

Who am I? I ask. I am not sure that even I know the answer.

I make things run smoothly. I keep America as the world has come to know her together. I am, in fact, like a savior.

People are idiots. If America knew half of what went on in the world, our borders would be filled with chaos. I am one who protects our society from itself.

And the Threat that has been looming over us for many years. Not only my beloved America, but all of Humanity. I am helping to ensure our survival, our only hope for it. I am a savior, a savior unknown and shall always remain that way.

What I do would be considered by most people to be far from heroic. But those things must be done. Innocents must suffer, but it serves the greater good of all. I step into the embrace of the only real friends that I know, the shadows.

Cancerman

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THE END

Shadowcat, 2000

End
file.